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IT IS A BITTER PILL.

The Tanner business becomes more of a bugaboo to BENJAMIN every day. Nobody seems to want the plum that was snatched from the Corporal's noisy jaws. One after another the grizzled veterans are saying "No, I thank you." To take the place TANNER was ousted from is going to be uncomfortable for whoever does it. The G. A. R. demon is going to lift up his voice and send the firmament with howling.

Now this is all retrospective justice. Why in the name of politics didn't the President bestow the Commission on out and out upon DEDLEY, who it is said, has been the real operative force in the office during TANNER's regime. That would have helped liquidate the most gigantic debt TANNER owes. The Colonel could have kept his mouth shut, and would have quietly distributed the surplus in blocks of proper dimensions, in places where it would have done most good.

To have openly turned over to DEDLEY the coffee keys would have been unblushing, but no whit more so than many other acts of an Administration whose sole aim and motto is to please itself. Then the G. A. R. vote would never have been in jeopardy, letters breathing vengeance for TANNER's head would never have been sent to the White House, and HARRISON would never, from fear, have had to be guarded by detectives, as he was yesterday on his way to Deer Park.

As you have made your bed, BEN, so you must lie in it.

AT RIXES AND SEVENS AGAIN.

London is not yet out of danger. The lion of labor was content for a day only, and the long strike, which Saturday was declared ended, is to-day reported on again in all its strength. As usual, the employers' unwillingness to dismiss scabs who stood by them during the strike causes the renewal of the fight. Whether their position is right or wrong is a delicate question, but a momentous one, for the danger it invokes.

Where it will all end now, there is no telling. The situation is worse than it was before. The men endured long and patiently, that a peaceful solution of the difficulty might be found. They gave ear to counsel and withheld hands of violence. This time they will not be so patient. JOHN BUNN's mastery is gone. The promptings of wisdom sound ever fainter amid the cries for bread.

English obstinacy provoked to this pitch, and aggravated and fortified by starvation, is a dangerous thing. Unhappily, there is the English temper upon both sides in this struggle. The outlook is ominous, and hope of peaceful settlement rests alone in that slow, sterling sense which predominates in the Saxon mind, and seems always in such crises to choose the wise thing rather than the rash.

Had the strike been in Paris instead of London, the probability is that long ago patience would have been thrown aside, the pavements torn up and the brickbats flying through the air.

DEFEAT THE LAUGH.

ERASTUS WIMAN, who is wandering through the West proclaiming the beauties of Staten Island, has laughed—laughed at Chicago's claim to the World's Fair.

It is better not to laugh, Mr. WIMAN. There isn't much in Chicago's claim, to be sure, but it is being pushed actively, untiringly and with a clear eye to the goal. And there is a great deal in that.

This observation is the more pertinent and forcible in view of the languid fashion in which New York's two principal fair committees are whipsawing and pottering with the vital question of the hour.

Take notice, Mr. WIMAN, the dollars, the good, hard Chicago dollars, and millions of them, are already close up behind Chicago's claim. Don't laugh yet. Wait and laugh last.

FIGHTER JUST LIKE MELLON.

Bishop FOWLER, of San Francisco, is a funny old man. He says China will never get over her wrath at what he calls our "shameful violation" of our treaty with her, and predicts that within ten years the Mongolians, with their ships, will be "taking it out of our hide."

Secretary TRACY, who comprehends the logic of fighting fire with fire, will have forethought enough to include in the equipment of the new cruisers flatirons, washboards and chop-sticks ad lib.

Deputy Marshal NAAGLE, who shot Judge TERRY, has been released. He is a good, handy man to have out patrolling a State where it is the habit of disappointed litigators to dissect and perforate Supreme Court judges.

It is proposed to establish hospitals at Johnston out of the \$1,600,000 relief fund which now lies idle in the hands of Gov. BEAVER. It would take a corkscrew, a nut-

pick and a force-pump to get at that relief fund now, and the millennium, with its freedom from all fleshly ills, would be here before you could get the hospitals completed. It's no use.

UP AGAIN.

Cheer again. The clouded sky is all serene, for a day at least. The Giants are in the lead once more. May be they will hold it steadily to the end of the race. May be not. But they'll be at the head when the end comes. If their turn to be lucky has at last arrived, winning the pennant will be nuts for them. It is a wearing fight for everybody, but it is a great one.

Luck to you, big fellows!

The MANN gang, which victimized ROBERT RAY HAMILTON, were all indicted yesterday. Good! There is becoming and grateful celerity in the procedure against these vampires, and their speedy removal from public view will displease nobody.

How we cower over our cruelties. And good reason. They are fast enough to catch anything they can thrash, and to run away, hands down, from anything they fancy can thrash them. Now that's a regular Yankee trick, isn't it?

JOHN L., it is said, was taken home paralyzed yesterday. He is not studying the Rules of Order as a Congressional aspirant ought.

FANCIES.

He is a wise man who knows what he doesn't know.

Legitimate, when he quit Hayti, left as a legacy behind him a debt of \$5,000,000. He expects to have a pleasant time in the South of France.

There are now two jurors in the Cronin case, and they are in hope that by Christmas there'll be enough for a rubber at least.

News comes from Troy that Public School No. 9 has been adjourned by fear. They were more numerous than the pupils and crowded them out.

Chicago's Bluebeard is dead. He was Lorenzo King and expired in Joliet Prison yesterday. He insured the lives of his three wives and then poisoned them off. He was trying a similar experiment on his niece when the law grabbed him.

She wore a mannish little coat, when they arrived at the hotel. She cast aside her necktie, her bangles and her lockets; Her ducky, collar and waist. Exactly match her brother; Her round straw hat is so like his. You can tell one from the other. She ventures on a little slang. That counts quite a bit in mannish. But show her once a mouse of work. And she the disguise vanish.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Metamorphosed" is officially said to be the longest word in the German language.

Servant brigands can't be such terrible fellows when they arrive at a British Consul and his friends in mistake for them, as was done a day or two ago.

Serpent-Charmers McConnell had his regular band of snake bite and whiskey vendic.

Rock Glen, Pa., has a Rip Van Winkle. Three weeks ago he started in to drink eight gallons of coal oil for water, and has been sleeping ever since.

Say, Bobbie, why is it you always look so mean and shabby, why don't you look like Sammy Bly and look like a well, pop, big fellow. Buy him some new clothes now and then.

—Men's Outlook.

The Detroit Free Press tries to spoil one of our most treasured illusions. No honey bee works over three months out of the twelve, it says, and comparing his size and strength with the results, he is shown to be as lazy as a bridge-tender.

IN FASHION'S WORLD.

Mrs. Roosevelt Scovell, wife of the tenor opera singer, carries black umbrellas made of satin de mervelux. In the bamboo root just below the carved handle is a miniature watch. The umbrella is of French make, and the time-keeper a product of Swiss art. She has five altogether, and they cost \$22 in the French market.

Miss Edith Morton, daughter of the Vice-President, is numbered among the coming belles. She will be introduced before the end of the present Administration expires, but not until her fastidious mamma is perfectly satisfied with her French, music and general deportment.

Miss Brice, daughter of Calvin S. Brice, is a girl of Philadelphia. She has a great many little freckles and a shock of mischievously curly hair. She is the best whip among the Newport girls, drives a span of horses to an English phaeton, and gives the Italian sound to every A she utters.

Mrs. Sarah Stevens has a mania for one-glass bottles, which she has all sizes, and uses them for roses, violets, crushed ice, almonds, olives, cheese-sticks, Jock-sticks and rods of candy.

Mrs. Frank Leslie sleeps in black silk sheets, the top one hemstitched and run with coral ribbons to match her beautiful night robe of ebony silk. The pillows are case in black silk, and over the rough pendant from the chandelier hangs a cluster of Spanish roses carved from fragrant wood and joined with bits of jade. Her bath is a study in eastward-colored tiling. The trimmings are done in plated silver, all the plumbing is open, the tub is coffin-shaped and the pictures that ornament the walls are from E. B. Church.

WORLDLINGS.

The sexton of one of Louisville's largest churches is a woman—Mrs. Shelby. She attends to all the duties that appertain to the position, and keeps her books and records in a thorough and systematic manner.

John B. Allen may be one of the first Senators from Washington, and if he is, his wife will be an interesting figure in Washington society. She is a political hostess such as Mrs. Logan was in the General. She has studied law and helps her husband materially in the preparation of his bills.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the English poet and journalist, is a trifle under medium height, with dark complexion, scant black whiskers and black hair.

The Difference.

When rain comes down on picnic day, Or when a baseball game they'd play; Or when the circus comes to town, 'Tis then the youngster's face looks glum; But when it rains on Sabbath day, And boys are kept from church away, And Sunday-school is many miles, The youngster's face is then all smiles.

—Chicago Sun.

"THE DRUM MAJOR."

The English adaptation of "La Fille du Tambour Major," made by Max Freeman and Edgar Smith, and produced at the Casino last night under the title of "The Drum Major," is a very bad and stupid affair. It is not often that the Casino permits anything so irritatingly tedious to find a place on its boards. Mr. Aronson's absence in Europe may have had something to do with the production of "The Drum Major," but that is the least consolation when you are asked to sit through the opera.

There is some very charming music in the "Drum Major," but it is most unkindly slighted. Miss Pauline Hall's song at the end of the second act was whistled in the streets of Paris when the opera was first produced there, so popular did little Mme. Simon-Girard make it. But Miss Hall, stately and poised, went through it as though she had wound up. "Turn the key and Pauline Hall will go through an opera." It fell as flat as a pancake. Offenbach's music is certainly most pleasing. It is Max Freeman and Edgar Smith's adaptation that is the cause of the trouble. A very involved story is told without any attempt at coherence, and is disfigured with the very gaudiest gas I have ever heard. The people in the cast of "The Drum Major" walked through their parts, with the exception of Miss Marie Halton and James T. Powers. Miss Halton made a bit of a claudine. She seemed to understand the principles of comic opera. She was bright, vivacious and magnetic. Mr. Powers, who is nearly as clever a comedian as Wilson, whom I think he looks upon as his model, had a most funeral part, which he tried hard to enliven. But his imitation of a woman lacking her corsets and combing her hair would have been much more appropriate at Koster & Bial's, than at New York's "home of comic opera."

Miss Pauline Hall played the part of Stella with the most unending dignity. Not an expression betrayed the way into the bland respectfulness of her countenance. "I will go to my room, and I will look myself in. Nobody shall see me," she declares when mamma wants her to marry. But she might as well have said: "Let me have dinner at 7 o'clock. I shall be back in an hour." Miss Hall's voice seems to be getting smaller and smaller, though I think it is less metallic. Her costumes are very pretty. I wish she could take a night off and go down to the Fifth Avenue Theatre to see Miss Louise Beaudet. Miss Beaudet's comic opera work is a study. Miss Eva Davenport and Miss Sylvia Gerrish are also specimens of the unending.

ALAN DALE.

POLITICAL BROTH.

It takes five games of auction pitch to pay for one of Assemblyman Hogan's rope perfection.

Alderman James F. Gilligan will be renominated by Tammany Hall in the Sixteenth District, despite the fact that the popular John "Muttonaire" Hanna is making a hard push for the place.

"I will be nominated and will be elected Judge of the First District Court by 5,000 majority," says Judge Peter Mitchell.

Ex-Civil Justice Leo C. Dessar, of the Nineteenth, and Judge Leicester Holme, of the Eleventh, are the Tammany Hall candidates for Judges of the City Court.

Some of the friends of James Smith, the popular Treasurer of the Tammany Hall organization in the Gas-House District, say that he wants to go to the Assembly.

The deadlock in the Board of Police Justices is said to have been broken, and that the meeting the latter part of this month will witness the election of the County Deputy officials and the incoming of the Tammany Hall men. Somebody wanted to get on the inside before November, when the appointment by Mayor Grant of a successor to Police Justice Patterson would settle the difficulty anyway.

Here are some of the Tammany Hall candidates for Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, besides Judge Van Hook, who is anxious to retain his position on the Bench: Henry Claiborne, Jr., the Attorney for the Collection of Arrears of Personal Taxes; Commissioner Gilroy's lawyer, John Whalen; David McClure, of the law firm of Turner, Lee & McClure, and Mrs. Langtry's lawyer and Mayor Grant's friend, John M. Bowers.

The Republican primaries have been called for Friday night next, and in the Fifth and Eighth Districts the reorganization committee will have charge of the polls.

Tammany Hall will send a full delegation to the State Convention, with the idea of moving to cut down the representation of the County Democracy. An equal representation of thirty-two delegates has been heretofore accorded both organizations.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

L. E. Myers, familiarly called "Lon," who has been out of condition some time, is rapidly getting into form again. "Lon" is very quiet and unassuming, and is at the youth-book-keeping club, where he is expected to pick him out as a man who had long since established a reputation as one of the swiftest runners in the world.

"Harry" McMillen is the President of the Amateur Athletic Union. He wears glasses and a dignified demeanor befitting his exalted rank. He is a member of the Schuylkill Navy Athletic Club of Philadelphia. He passed through a severe stroke of sickness during the summer, but is now in the enjoyment of perfect health.

Mr. M. E. Flaherty is one of the leading spirits of the Seawanhaka Boat Club. Unbounded good health, good spirits and good humor seem to be prominent characteristics of him. It is said that when one has seen him "out of humor," he is as good as a business man as he is prominent in aquatic. As befits his character, he helps masculine humanity to be good-natured by importing the very finest cigars.

Charles Kintler, of the Friendship Boat Club, is youthful but sturdy. Though he is an accomplished oarsman, yet his friends claim that he would rather paddle around in a tub than in the finest shell. Mr. Kintler is expected to win all the tub races on the Harlem as a matter of course.

M. W. Mackdermott, of Baltimore, is a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club and holds a record of 5 feet 11 inches for the high jump. He is now to be found about the Club quarters. He says that the chief worryment of his life is that people insist on spelling his name Mackdermott.

OFF THE STAGE.

Bolshoy Kirsafy can dance as nimbly as any member of his ballet organization. He studied abroad and knows the method of "the schools." Imre, his brother, is also a Terpsichorean artist.

Charles Dickson is always very nattily dressed. This is as it should be. He has a brother in the "artorial profession." The actor who would be well dressed under such circumstances would be an interesting study.

Miss Marie Wainwright is now a blonde, but she is easily recognized by her old friends. She Wainwright has two charming little daughters, who are always prettily and stylishly attired.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Mrs. Modjeska, Sarah Bernhardt and "Aunt" Louisa Eldridge are a few of the many actresses who are grand-mothers. These ladies are all of them still shining dramatic lights.

OUR PRETTY BABIES.

More Competitors for the Prizes for Good Looks.

Formidable Candidates Still Coming In by the Score.

Benjamin Harrison Goodwin is the First Boy Candidate to Enter the Lists.

"I think," said Miss Nell Nelson, the "newspaper woman," at a time when she didn't know that she was being interviewed; "I think that that woman who doesn't love little babies is hardly a woman."

Babies from every section of the EVENING WORLD hail have been sending in their photographs to this office since the first announcement.



BENJAMIN HARRISON GOODWIN.

announcement of the prize of a double gold eagle to the prettiest and an eagle and a five-dollar gold piece respectively to the two next beautiful of metropolitan infants.

And the little champs are all so pretty, so cute, so sweet and so delightful that already Miss Nelson has begun to discover what a dreadfully difficult work she has undertaken, and how many twitches there will be at her heart strings in the final decision that will make joyful only three of the dear babies and the mother!

The pictures are still coming and the candidates whom they present are formidable ones, every one.

Benjamin Harrison Goodwin came to town before breakfast on the day after election last.



LITTLE NO NAME, OF 245 EAST ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTH STREET.

Col. Hank C. Clifford, Indian scout, guide and interpreter, who is now in Chicago, is a strikingly handsome type of the Western frontiersman, says the Chicago Herald.

He was twelve years old when he went to the then trackless wilds of the far West with the Northwestern (subsequently American) Fur Company.

For a quarter of a century he served under all the noted Indian fighters, under Sherman and Sheridan, under Custer and Crook, Mitchell, Curtis and Kearny as scout. With Custer he often slept in the same tent, and he was not a day's journey behind when the Big Horn massacre occurred in 1876.

That was the last of Custer and his band of brave followers.

Nine years before that, when a band of Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes slaughtered eighty-three soldiers and officers before the Fort Phil Kearny garrison on Montana Clifford was one of the few who escaped.

But his reputation as a big Indian fighter rests on the fact that he was the slayer, in a hand-to-hand encounter, of War Eagle, the most intrepid of the Cheyenne chiefs. This feat occurred in 1868, during the late summer on Beecher's Island, at the headwaters of the present Nebraska State line. Lieutenant Wheeler, the eldest son of the noted Brooklyn divyne, was one of those killed in this battle, and the little island was afterwards named to perpetuate his memory.

ETHEL WEBB PHILIPS. TILLIE ROON.

Ethel Webb Philips was born Sept. 29, 1887. Dr. L. E. Meeker, Gates avenue, Brooklyn, will vouch for the above. The picture was taken when she was thirteen months old. The position was taken by herself in the photographer's chair.

CHARLES B. PHILIPS. 819 QUINCY STREET, BROOKLYN.

Here is a glorious, good-natured baby who doesn't want to walk the floor nights and always smiles on the caller.

With this note please find picture of our first baby, Tillie Roon, just six months old at time of picture. For her photo she is now eleven and one-half months old, and so far has been no trouble at all. I have often heard of getting up nights and walking the floor, and she says that in our case she is happy to say I have never had that experience yet. For she is just the opposite way from cross, being the happiest young one I ever saw, and I am of a family of thirteen. She always has a smile for you, no matter when you look at her, and is just commencing to call "papa" and "mamma." I am a pressman. My wife was Emma Spence and we are twenty-three and twenty-two years of age. Reference: Robert Everett, 61 Manhattan Street. Respectfully, HENRIETTA BOON, 248 E. Eighth avenue.

One very young man, who is an aspirant for honor and the EVENING WORLD prizes, sends his photograph, but neglects to tell who he is or to furnish any information about himself except what is contained in this unsigned note.

Enclosed find picture of baby boy. Please answer and let us know what you think of him. 245 East One Hundred and Fourth street, New York.

Here is another mother who came boldly forth and proudly admits that there is no other baby in the wide world but mine, and loving eyes as her own little one.

I read your news columns every night and I see that you want the pictures of all the

babies to decide which is the prettiest. So I send my darling's picture, for of course I think she is lovely. Her name is Sadie Ethel



SADIE ETHEL BUCKEN. CORINNE CLARE HARRIS.

Bucken, and she was six months old when the picture was taken. She has blue eyes, so dark that they are often taken for brown eyes. Her hair is brown and fair skin, with just a tint of color in her cheeks, and is altogether a fine specimen of a healthy baby. Sadie was born Aug. 12, 1888; papa's name, John C. Bucken, bookkeeper, born 1857. My name was Butler and I was born in 1858; both New Yorkers. 86 Hooper street, Brooklyn.

As you are having a contest for pretty babies, I thought I would send my baby's picture to you. He is Harry, Louis Harnett, is thirty years old, born in Brooklyn, and a joiner by trade. My name was Susan M. Van Svelke, born in Brooklyn twenty years ago. Baby's name is Corinne Clare Harnett, and she was born in Brooklyn, Jan. 31, 1889. We reside at 173 Duffield street, Brooklyn, and S. M. Mahen will vouch for the truth of my statements. Mrs. HARNETT.

A COURAGEOUS SQUAW.

She Kills a Bear With an Axe While Men With Guns Run Away.

The Hampton (Va.) School Record gives an account of the brave deed of one of its neighbors, an Oneida, whose courage seems only equalled by her pride of race.

Driving into the field one day, where her husband and others were at work, she encountered a log lying across the road in such a way that she could not pass. As there was no one near to help her, and the log was beyond her strength to move, she proceeded to cut it in two with an axe she had in the wagon.

To her surprise she had disturbed a mother bear and her family of cubs. The bear, more frightened than angry, took to the woods, and the woman walked in search of the men and their firearms. Finding them, she conducted her relief, quickly back to the log, to find that the bear had also returned.

When all were stationed ready for action she again used her axe on the log and the bear made her second appearance, this time snarling and snarling. The man who stood ready for just this emergency missed his aim, dropped the gun and, with all his other masculine companions, took to his heels. Left alone with the infuriated bear, with only an axe for defense, this Indian woman coolly waited until the bear came near enough, and letting the axe fall with all her might upon its head, killed it with that one stroke.

The same weapon applied to three of the little cubs, and she prevented them from ever realizing their loss, and the other she kindly adopted and carried home with her. Reaching her home she found her husband and others assembled there, anxiously speculating as to what could have been the result of the encounter they had failed to see. Standing before them, with the cub in her arms, she scornfully surveyed them from head to foot and exclaimed:

"Cowards, you have no Indian blood in your veins!"

HE SLEW WAR EAGLE.

Something About the Career of Col. Hank C. Clifford, the Indian Scout.

Col. Hank C. Clifford, Indian scout, guide and interpreter, who is now in Chicago, is a strikingly handsome type of the Western frontiersman, says the Chicago Herald. He was twelve years old when he went to the then trackless wilds of the far West with the Northwestern (subsequently American) Fur Company.

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RICH MEN'S SMALL BEGINNINGS.

Some Illustrious Careers That Had Their Origin in Comparative Obscurity.

B. K. Jamison, the banker, whose wealth nobody exactly knows, went to Philadelphia in his boyhood without money enough in his pocket to pay a week's board, says the Aegis.

Director William S. Stokely knows what it is to make candy with his own hands and sell it over a little counter in his own shop. Postmaster-General Wainman began his business life as a clerk in a Market street store upon a mighty small salary. He used to give out for his daily fare a loaf of bread, consisting of a piece of pie and a glass of milk.

Frank Siddall, the great soap manufacturer, and the owner of some of the choicest property on the Jersey coast, to say nothing of mineral interests in Georgia, for years kept a rather insignificant grocery store near Eighth and Calwellhill streets.

John B. Goss, Vice-President of the Fidelity Trust Company, used to wait for law cases in a little office, generally in vain.

George W. Childs worked for a long time in this city at such a salary that he only paid twenty-five cents for his noonday meals by practicing rigid economy.

Anthony J. Drexel, who is worth more than twenty-five millions of dollars, was the son of a poor portrait painter and thought himself lucky when he got a trifling stipend as a clerk in his father's little brokerage office.

Mayor Grant's Appeal.

Write Grant the Mayor of cities galore: "Will assist, will help, will you co-operate. To hold the World's Fair near the Nation's front door."

That cluster of huts by Michigan's shore. The answers they came from near and remote: From cities quiet small and from cities more.

On Chicago's long ears with clearness they came: "I need not give all, but one I will quote: 'Let the savages dwelling by Michigan's shore Attend to their calling, the sticking of shoat.'"

An Atmospheric Fun. (From Grip.)

Sycee—There goes Jack Sickum, old Mayorbag's heir. Isn't he looking very thin?

Sawee—He is, indeed; but it is quite natural that he should. Air is proverbially thin, you know.